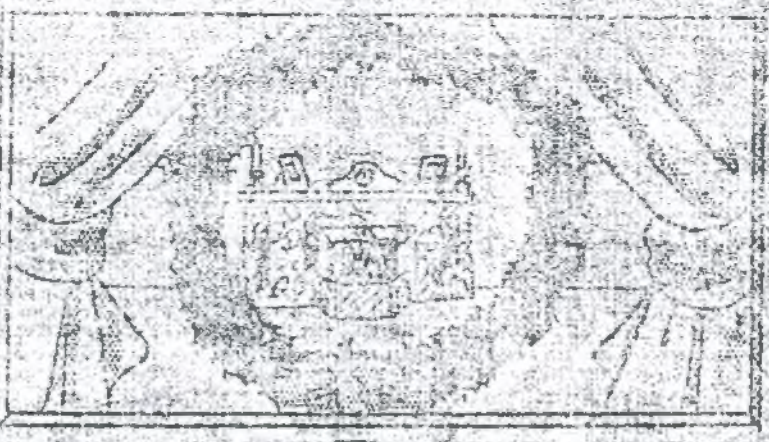
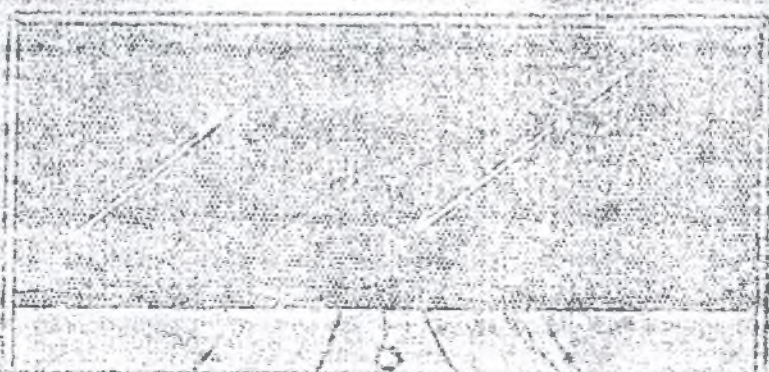


FLEISCHER'S MAGAZINE

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NO. 1



OPPOSITE
PAGE

FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS
FOUNDED DECEMBER 1934

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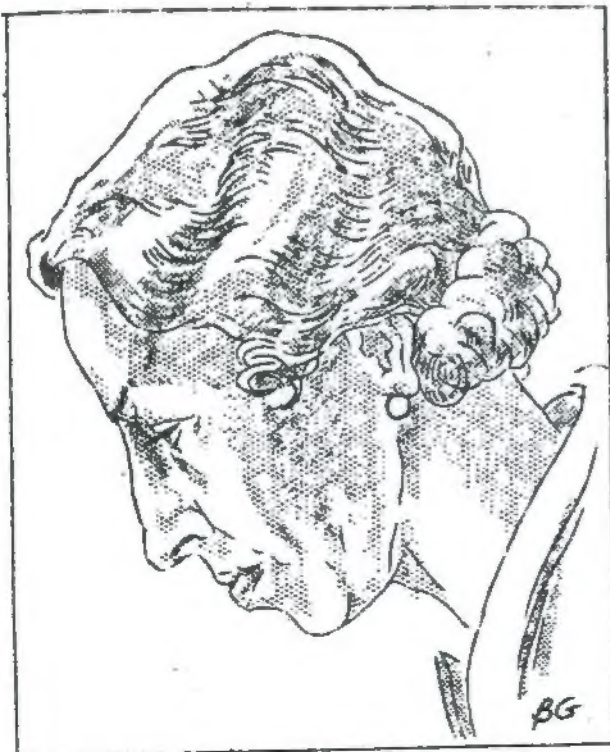
Beatrice Cypert
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Betty Palash
William Rollfs
Beatrice Davidoff
Pauline Kaufman
Janet Fay
Frank Paiker
Ruth Lammey
Millie Figlozzi
Leonard Frehm
Ruth Kuss



TINKLE

By

Beatrice Appert



Liesel Howson nee Roth, answered the call to activity on a Friday in the historical city of Frankenthal, Germany. Being of a decisive and quick turn of mind, she lost no time after deciding to start a career. She caught up with her parents while the worthy couple were taking a walk, and made such fervent demands for a place in their home that they had to hire a coach and rush pell mell through the streets in order to get home in time to receive her.

From the first, she had something on the ball, that was a good equipment to do her own thinking. Herr Roth, her father, says that she started opposing him at the age of two weeks. That occasion has slipped her memory, but she remembers that at the age of seven, the issue was carrots. Her inability to find them palatable caused the good papa a great deal of strain and a Charlie horse in his right arm. She held the fort against an enforced fast at home

by finding her way to the table of more understanding relatives. She has never had even a little carrot in her own home and doesn't want any.

Her childhood ambition was to become a circus rider. The nearest she came to that ambition was to ride a dancing bear through the streets of her home village. That night papa had bigger and better woes, neither the police nor the relatives could unearth the whereabouts of Liesel. The bear knew but he wouldn't talk. Hours upon happy hours later they found her in the company of her mount a couple of villages distant.

When she started to school, her love for adventure kept her so on the jump that she had to be tied to her seat for the first few months. This longing thwarted, she took to walking in her sleep. There was nothing her parents could do about this except watch closely and bring her back alive. Once she got as far as the railway station sound asleep and wanting to go places.

The Mayor of the village was her best friend, in spite of the fact that she was blamed for all the local mischief. She liked to play with the boys as long as they could keep up with her. Any broken windows, smashed in roofs or trampled hedges, Liesel's was considered the hand that cast the first stone. There is a rumor that they put down a smoke screen around the Statue of Liberty when Liesel sailed into our harbor back in 1926.

Liesel went to work the day she landed, and got along alright with her two words of English. They were, "Yes" and "Alright." She had been in New York City one year when she met Bernard Howson. He bought a marriage license and what chance did she have with her two words of English? We suspect her fondness for him regardless of the fact she went dancing off to Germany for three months last Summer, and left him behind.

Liesel came to the Studio in 1931. She started as an opaquer and can be found in that department as Frank Paiker's assistant. She is addicted to the sun and out-door life. Seldom smokes and has a weakness for Guido's hors-d'oeuvres. She dresses always in good taste, preferring sport clothes. Her favorite amusement is dancing. She measures five feet five inches in height and weighs 120 lbs. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Blue is her favorite shade. She is thoroughly Americanized with the exception of an accent which becomes more pronounced when she is up in the air about something. It is one of her chief charms and we hope she never talks herself out of it.

ANIMATED NEWS FUND REPORT

Balance in November Issue \$596.65

Receipts:

Fleischer Studios for December	\$15.	
Sale of Paper	19.30	
*Repaid on Loans	30.	64.30
		<u>\$660.95</u>

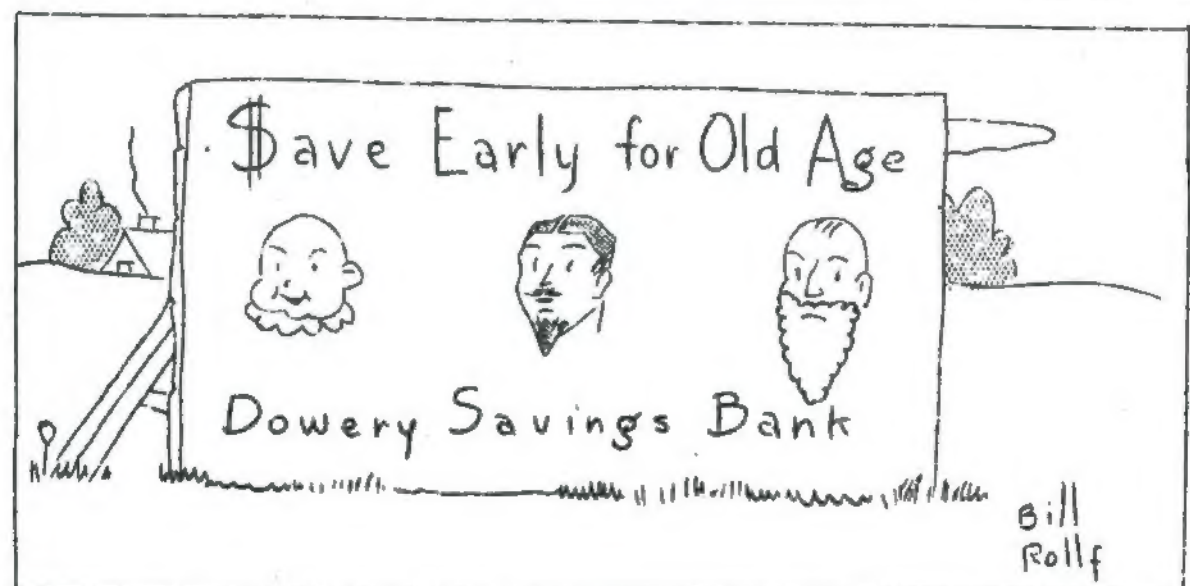
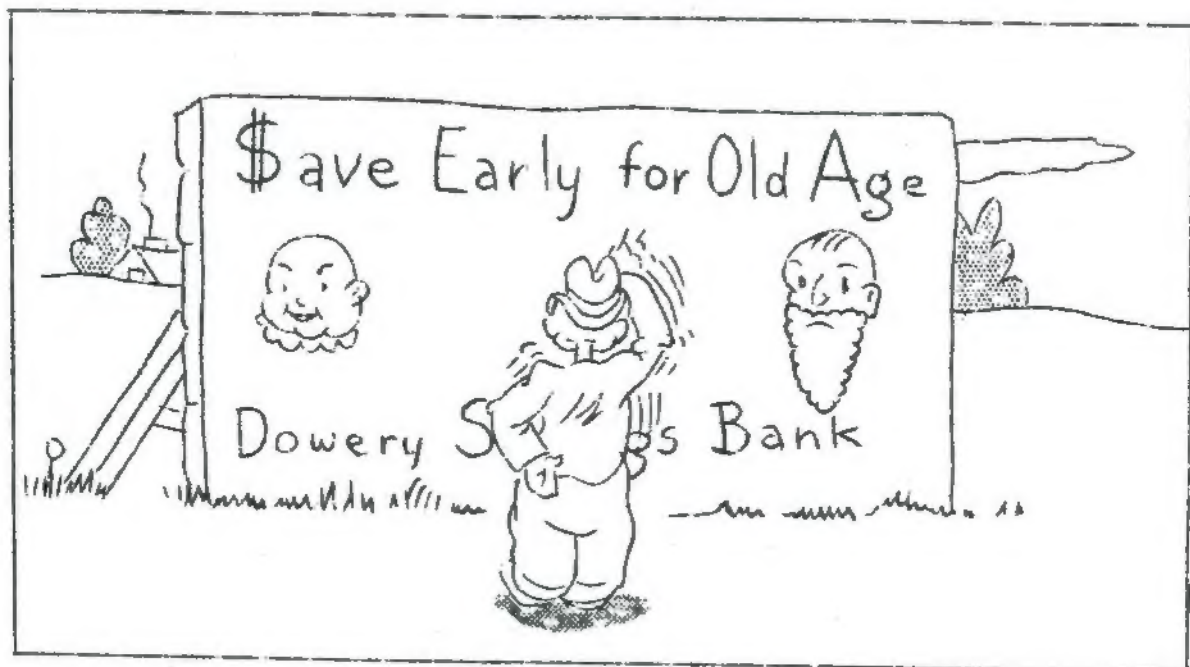
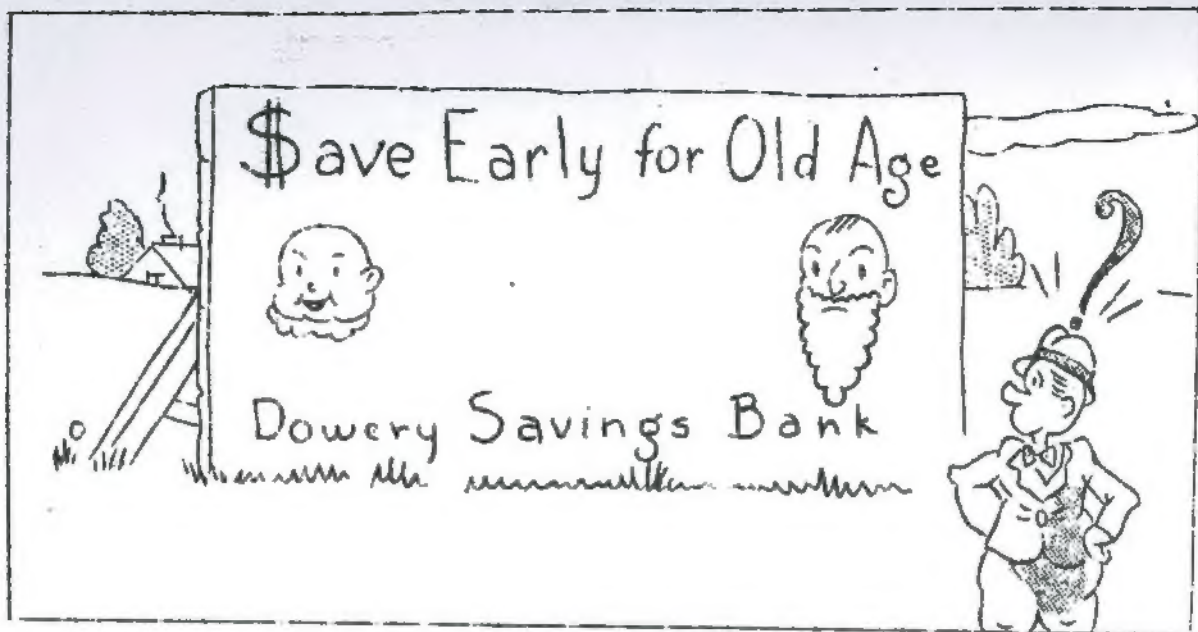
Dishursements:

None

Total \$660.95

*Balance due on Loans \$191.

To date the Relief Fund has assisted 20 cases in our organization in the sum of \$1165.



The Inbetweener who became a "Subway-Artist".



FINNEY

By

ELLEN JENSEN



Life was very sad in New England some twenty years ago. A few of "The Last Puritans" could be seen hanging around Plymouth Rock with big, rapidly hardening tears in their eyes. On such a day Marion Halse was born. A broth of a girl at six months, she weighed in on the Boston Common scales and won a prize for being the healthiest baby in New Haven. But soon, growing tired of bucolics (especially without gravy) Marion's family decide to pioneer in a new world. With grim determination, they set their faces toward the hinterland, Brooklyn. Brooklyn, Ah! Brooklyn, famed in song and story! (That's enough about Brooklyn). After a healthy bribe to the American Consul to Brooklyn, the Halses were allowed to safari into the interior and soon they set up camp in the remoter districts of Bay Ridge.

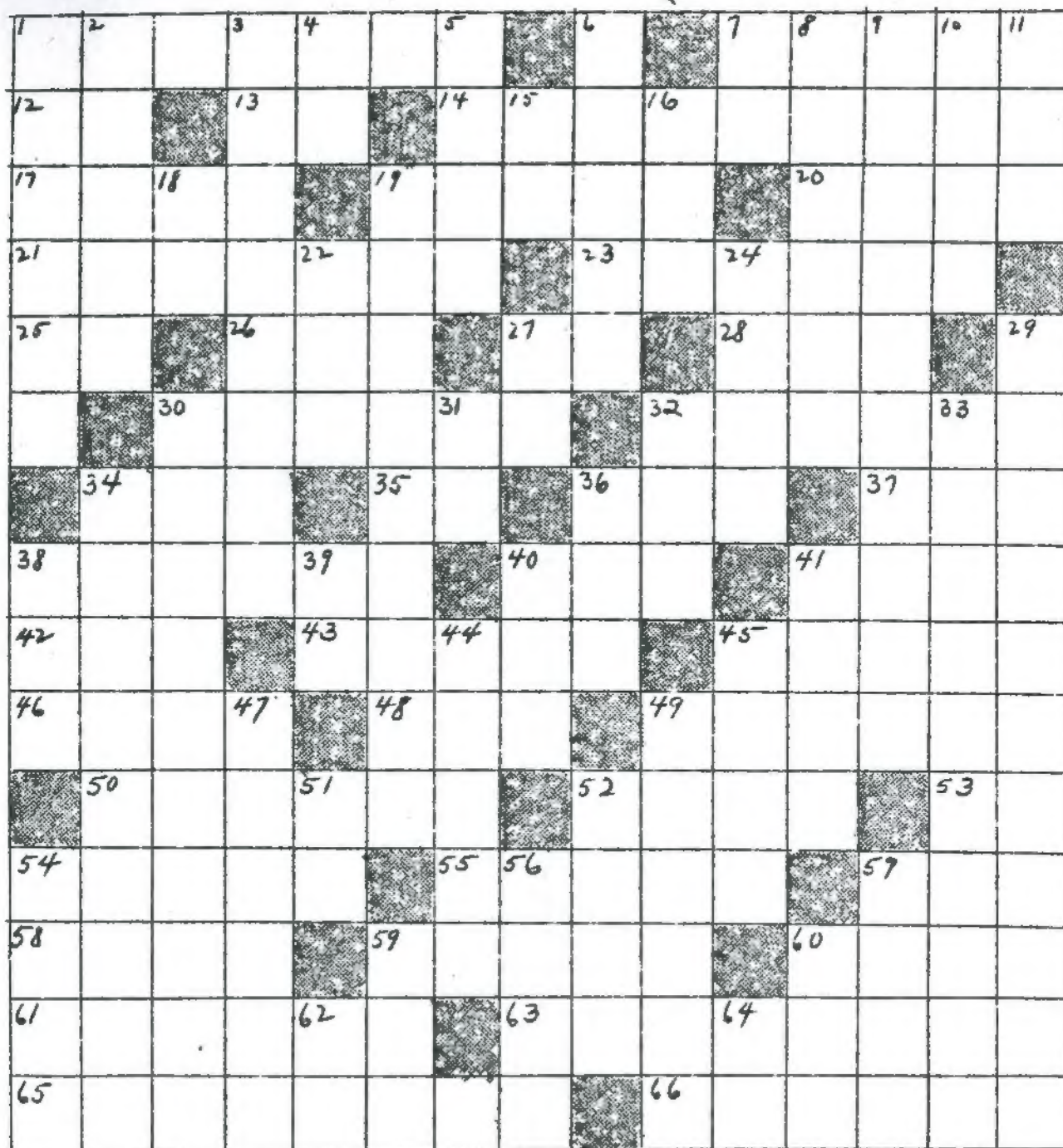
Interval for description and what not.

(Half a mo' while I consult my notes, Ah yes!) Marion is tall, slender, pretty and very nice and her phone number is.....oops, not available in the present instance. She likes everything to be simple and wholesome, food, clothes, friends and pie ala mode. She loathes jewelry, beauty parlors, strong drink and the two pianos in her living room. (Both as upright as Boston). A glass of beer, however, appeals to her and she can drink an admirable but entirely adequate amount of wine. As for cigarettes and lunch, she can take it or leave it, which I wish was the case with me. People take to Marion readily but are sometimes confused by one of her three moods, allegro, pathetique and the blues. Generosity and good temper distinguish her, you can always get a few shillings and pesos from her even on Thursday. When she was eighteen she got her driver's license. In her father's car she made the lives of the good Bay Ridge burghers a mortal hell until one day, drunk with power, she turned a corner and drove the car into a bank. Ergo - - her license is in a safe deposit vault.

Years Are So Long or Happy Days in High.

The less said about Bay Ridge High School the better, as any alumnus will tell you. Suffice to say that Marion's career at school was at least as painful for the instructors as it was for herself. It was a continual rebellion of spirit against flesh, teacher's flesh. The games bored her and still do, any game which has a lot of girls kicking or throwing a ball around, i.e., tennis (lawn or rough), basket-ball, badminton and that school girl joy, volley-ball. Her own loves, ice skating and horseback-riding were frowned on as hoydenish. At Traphagen's it was much better. Here all was art and ideas. Marion shone. Her work won prizes and her time was equally divided between designing clothes and coping awards. After a decent interval she came to work at the Fleischer Studios. The rest is history.

PUZZLE PAGE



Ruth Kuss

See following page for definitions.

ACROSS

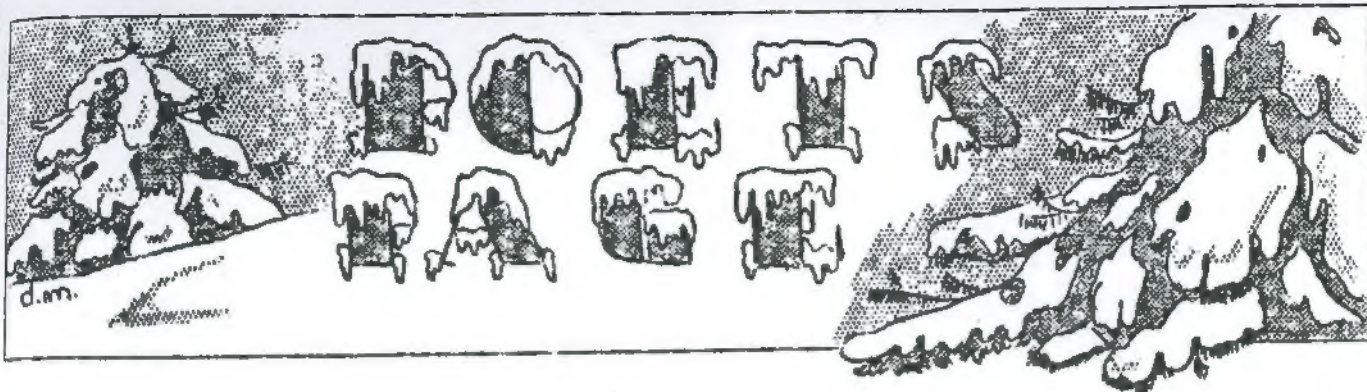
- 1 Indispensable female equipment.
- 7 You get this when you're late (slang)
- 12 This is not a subway
- 13 You 'n me
- 14 Our animators make these
- 17 Prominent humorist
- 19 Goes before the Misses Rosen and Ginsberg
- 20 A prophetic sign
- 21 What follows Abner and Seymour
- 23 Goes without leave
- 25 Article (French)
- 26 Opposite of pro
- 27 Arabian (abbreviation)
- 28 Through (prefix)
- 30 Kissed (obsolete)
- 32 Liesel is fond of these
- 34 Feigenspan's trade-mark
- 35 A public notice
- 36 Ablative (abbr.)
- 37 Railroads (abbr.)
- 38 A Studio synonym for Friday
- 40 You'll have this when you finish (abbr.)
- 41 Popeye's pipe does this
- 42 Half (Cockney dialect)
- 43 Betty Boop's pal
- 45 This means nothing
- 46 Some like steak this way
- 48 One of the Schwartz'
- 49 Eli Brucker keeps one of these in his desk drawer
- 50 Villian in X-5-1
- 52 Crown of head (usually bald)
- 53 Short for Cyrus
- 54 A fragment
- 55 Those who act
- 57 You did this at lunch
- 58 Volcano in Sicily
- 59 The Studio Solomon
- 60 Nom de plume of Charles Lamb
- 61 Connects the Mediterranean Sea and Indian Ocean
- 63 This has its ups and downs
- 65 Essential oils or extracts
- 66 Persons with low I.Q.

DOWN

- 1 Beetle does this to Bottle
- 2 Solitary
- 3 Rosy
- 4 Post-script (abbr.)
- 5 Snooty term for Xmas
- 6 Jack Willis is this
- 7 Prefix - two
- 8 Shut
- 9 Kitty hangs out here
- 10 Dark colored beers
- 11 Tenn. Society of Nudists (abbr.)
- 15 Right and left (abbr.)
- 16 Rhymes with Sal
- 18 Bachelor of Engineering (abbr.)
- 19 Part of the Story Department's equipment
- 22 Preposition (plural)
- 24 Irridescent gem
- 27 In the year of our Lord (abbr.)
- 29 Years gone by
- 30 Girl's prized possessions
- 31 Entrup and Nolan own this
- 32 Columbia Broadcasting System
- 33 Presentation of movies
- 36 Some
- 38 What you'd like to get on a golf course
- 39 Associated Press (abbr.)
- 40 What women won't admit
- 41 Gruen tells this
- 44 Sam became one recently
- 45 Made by Adam
- 47 Hold, like pod
- 49 Darkest part of N.Y.
- 51 Same as 18 down
- 52 What we do to potatoes
- 54 Father (French)
- 56 Type of poems
- 57 Low female voice
- 59 Pouch
- 60 Corn comes on this
- 62 Type measure
- 64 A brand of Seagram's



"AN' THIS IS WHERE THEY PUT ON THE
TRANSPARENT SHADOWS THAT YOU DON'T SEE ON THE SCREEN!"



Hope.
by Ruth Lamney.

Gosh! I'm all a flutter,
It's Christmas Dinner time,
At last I'll get a chance to eat,
And it won't cost me a dime.

My budget will be balanced,
For the very first time this year,
If they'd only pay my laundry bill,
Why I'd be in the clear.

December.
by Ellen Jensson.

December, December where have you been?
To the Inking Department to see the Queen.
December, December did you do well?
I wept for November slain by Sydel.

I Wonder.
by Pauline Kaufman.

When I was a little girl on my Mammy's
knee,
I said, "Pray tell me, what am I gonna
be?"
Mom said, "You'll be tall and strong like
a beautiful tree."
Well if I'm tall and strong it's "oak"
with me,
But Hell! Do I look like a tree?

The RAMBLING REPORTER



WHAT WAS YOUR CHILDHOOD AMBITION?

by Beatrice Davidoff

Zina Corvin: "I had two ambitions. To be an actress and an artist. Since then I gave up my actress ambition, but I still hope to be an artist..... sometime."



Herbert Holmdale: "When I first began to do card tricks, I always hoped someone would pick the right card. But they never did and so I'm still hoping."



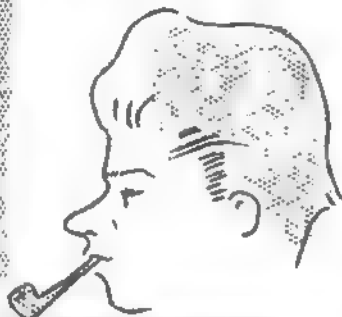
Pauline Kaufman: "Oh twiddle! It makes no no-how what I wanted to be, on accounta, I think I'm doin' O.K. as is. Don'tcha think so?"



Ruth Lamney: "To be taller than my mother and not have a bump on my nose like she has. I'm taller."



Frank Paiker: "Aw nuts! To meet a girl like my wife."

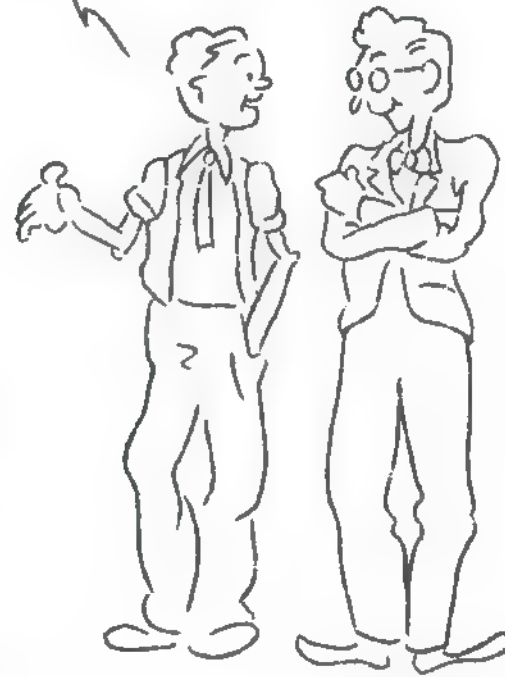


Burton Geller: "I always wanted to be a great swimmer like Johnny Weissmuller. People say we are so much alike. Well, anyway, we both need a haircut."



Ellen Jenssen: "To be a boy! My parents gave me, I realize now, purely hypocritical encouragement. Bb guns, oatmeal, etc. Certain things I came to know, through experiment, were forever beyond me. Finally they broke down and told me they'd known all along that it was all pretty useless."

He wuz on the W.P.A. before
he became an opaquer.



Betty
Palash



Advice to the Lovelorn by Aunt Pauline

"Dear Aunt Pauline: - Four women want me. What shall I do?.....

Billard Wowsky. "

Dear That's What You Think: - There must be some mistake!

"Dear Aunt Pauline: - I've been engaged seven years and have just discovered my boy friend has a wooden leg. What can I do?.....

Wobby Bitehead."

Dear Splinters: - Why not break it?

"Dear Aunt Pauline: - You told me that marriage is an institution. What I want to know is, who the hell wants to live in an institution?

Don Q.O.T. Lippman."

Dear Alphabet Soup: - Ya got me pal!

"Dear Aunt Pauline: - I grew a moustache because my girl friend wanted to close her eyes when I kissed her and make believe I was Clarke Gable. Now she's growing tired of me. What shall I do?....

Tartin Maras."

Dear Pride Of The Clan: - Shave your moustache and pluck your eyebrows and pretend you're Robert Taylor.

"Dear Aunt Pauline: - Every time I see him he walks into a lamp-post. Is it love?.....

Dee Bravidoff."

Dear Light Of His Life: - What is he, a dog?

"Dear Aunt Pauline: - I love a girl! We've been hanging around for six years. Every time I go to see her she always wants to go out. Does she love me?....

Veddy Tosk." (Tsk, tsk)

Dear There's One Born Every Minute: - So that's where you've been for six years.

"Dear Aunt Pauline: - I'm going with two boys. One is handsome and the other has lots of money. They both want to marry me. What shall I do?

Luth Ramney."

Dear What Only Two: - You marry the handsome one and introduce me to the other.

HILITES of the MONTH

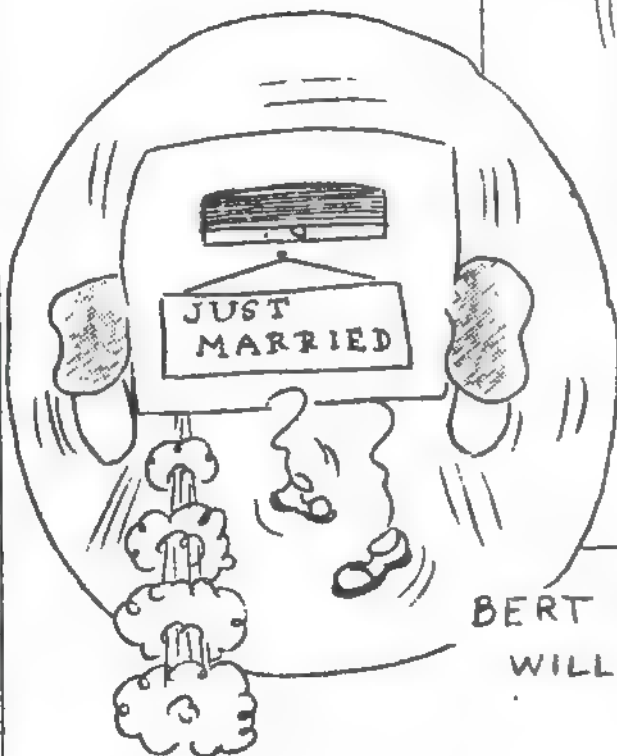
by
Tillie Figlozzi



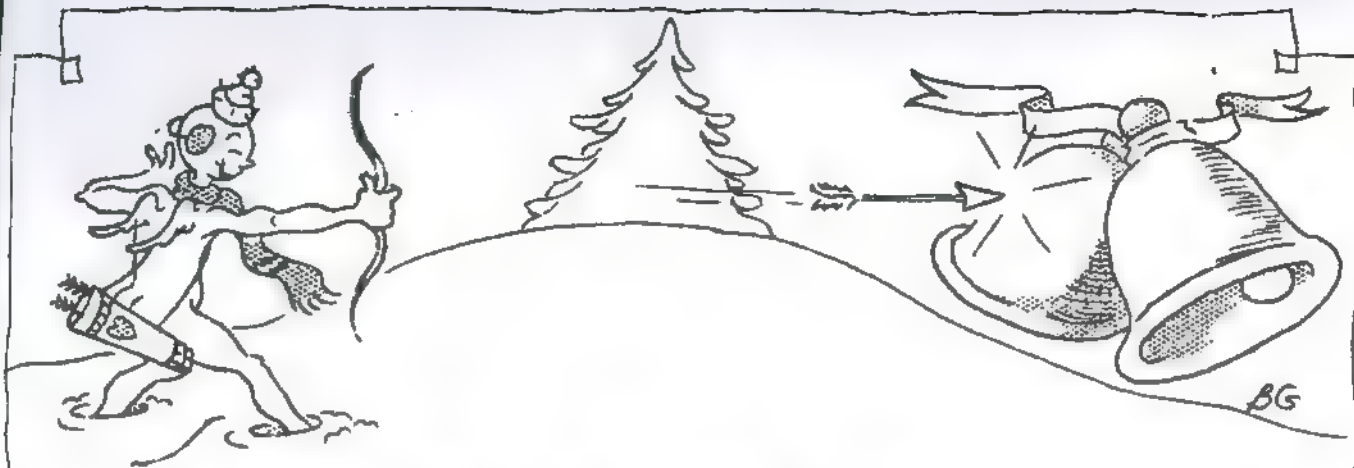
THE LOCAL
TALENT TURNS
OUT FOR THE
ANNUAL
CHRISTMAS
DINNER.



MAX AND DAVE RETURN
FROM THEIR RECENT TRIPS
TO FLORIDA JUST IN
TIME TO GREET "OLD
MAN WINTER".

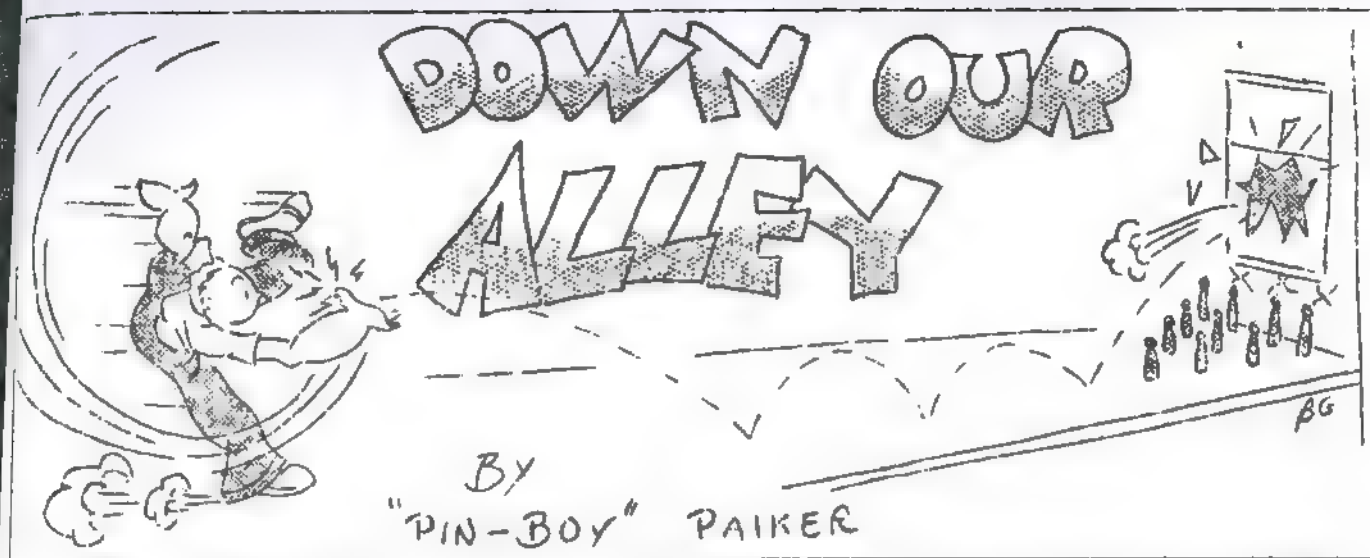


BERT PLATT AND AARON KRAWETZ
WILL BE BRIDE AND GROOMING.



WEDDING BELLS

The waning year
finds us with a wedding
to record. On Sunday December
27th in the early afternoon, Bert Platt
and Aaron Krawetz will take the nuptial vow.
They will be married in Brooklyn, N. Y. The wedding
will be a small affair with only the immediate families
present. A small reception will be held at the Little Oriental
Restaurant in Brooklyn, following the ceremony.
The bride and groom will make their home in the Bronx. A belated honeymoon,
possibly to Chicago, Illinois, is scheduled for sometime next Summer. The
entire Studio joins in wishing Bert and Aaron lots of good luck, good health,
and many, many years of happiness.



By
"PIN-BOY" PAIKER

Although most of the bowlers may feel that the less said about bowling the better, we are nevertheless going to say something at the request of the Editor.

After about ten weeks of bowling it is beginning to appear as though the boys intend to keep right on practicing up to the time of the annual April tournament.

For the first six or seven weeks Charlie Schettler, Dave Fleischer and Frank Paiker kept see-sawing back and forth for the lead. Recently that Schettler person reverted to that annoying habit of his of assuming the lead and leaving the rest of the pack in the so-called dust. Well, we'll be tryin' to see ya, Charlie.

Izzie Sparber has been having a little difficulty in getting started and at present is reposing in fourth place. All his spare time is spent wrestling with mathematics, psychology and contemplation of mayhem in an effort to devise a way to overhaul Dave Fleischer who is just ahead of him.

Willard Bowsky and Max Fleischer who are behind Izzie and viewing his lofty (?) perch with hungry eyes are doing their best not to cause him any alarm... what with Willard acquiring his own ball and bowling shoes and Max concentrating on the cultivation of tonsils, sore arms and other forms of self-destruction.

Seymour Kneitel, Bill Turner and Sam Buchwald are pulling a three way Alphonse and Gaston act, each one doing his best to stay behind the other two but finding the competition too keen.

Erich Schenk and Lou Fleischer seem content to stay in that little world of their own and worry about nothing or nobody, but winning that quarter bet they have between themselves each week.

Sam Stimson has shown a decided improvement over his average of last year, bowling .00001 better than last year. On the basis of this showing he is giving serious thought to the idea of retiring from the animated cartoon business and devoting the rest of his life instructing the poor unfortunates who seem unable to make any headway with this weird game called Bowling.



FRANK PAIKER FINDS A NEW WAY
TO KEEP HIS DEPARTMENT QUIET.

THE ART OF OPAQUING.
by Petty Palash.

What makes an opaquer? Virility: No! Sensibility: No!
Stability: No! Capability: No! Reliability: No! Debility: Perhaps!
Volubility: There, we have it.

There is an old motto: "A talker is never a doer." The opaquer is the great exception. While he opaques - he opines. But, is that all? Yes!

However, diligent concentration and organization of one's combined forces are requisites of opaquing in its primary form. And the keynote of a great opaquer is his magnificent perspicuity in taking this rare art as a matter of supreme consequence. Tch, tch!

Our motto, therefore, is....."Either we do or we don't." And we usually do; since if we don't, opaquing ceases to be an art and becomes an experience. This is one case when experience is a great teacher, but a poor provider.

Our next step is to attain a reverential attitude toward our paints and brushes. Opaquers of long standing, or should we say endurance, look askance at newcomers, when, with a sneer of disgust they turn from our jars of $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 grays. We, after a period of time, grow extremely fond of our $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 grays. Week-ends and vacations find us suffering from a nostalgia which offers no relief until we joyously set nose back into the Studio. In the immortal words of Durante: "Ha-tchah!"

AT WORK.

The body position of the opaquer is an important inspirational force. First and foremost is the one we shall term the "Hangover On Monday Morning Slouch." This is obtained by flinging the legs under the desk, the back takes on the semblance of a bow, the left elbow rests on the drawing board and the left palm carries the head. If an observer has the patience he will notice the right hand carrying the brush across the cel at various intervals. This is instinct. Other animals have been known to have it..

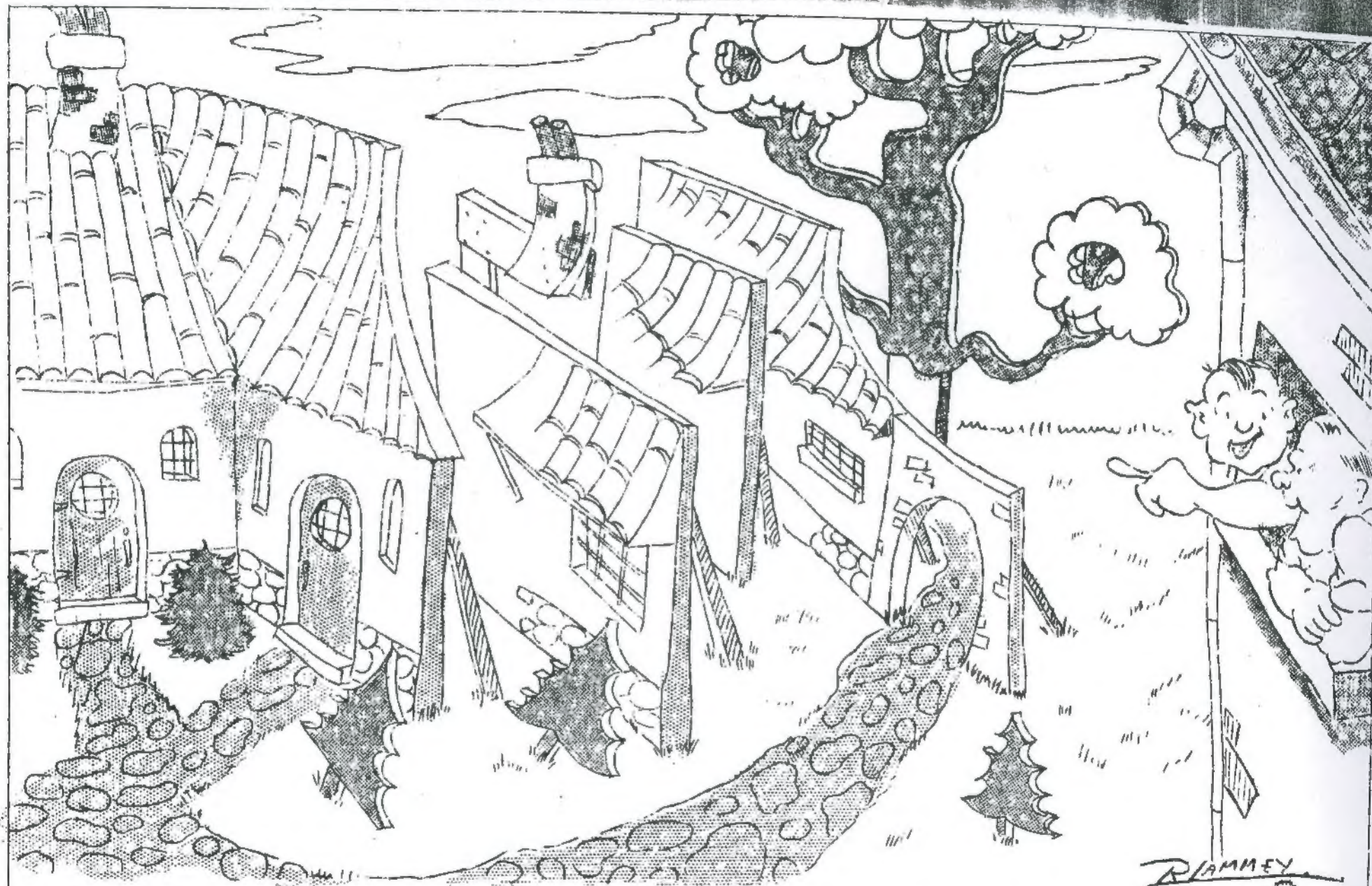
For the younger set a new movement is in vogue. "The Octopus Lurch." Legs intertwined, the chair-base surrounded, the head lurches forward. The hand follows. Cels are created. Could the octopus do more?

But what of the ants? Toiling, toiling, toiling, onward through days they go. Each morning sees their task begun, each evening sees it done. Theirs is the glory.

The end of the day.	Score.
Ant Hill	10 cels
Octopus Lurch	25 cels
Hangover Slouch	65 cels

Proverb: "A Hangover On Monday is worth one Octopus Lurch and three Aunt Hills.

For verification see Man-Mountain Paiker.



I SEE JOHNNIE BURKS, THE STEREOPTICIAN, HAS BUILT
AN ADDITION TO HIS HOME!



SILLY SIMILIES.

by Ruth Lammey.

As graceful as Jake Ozark's walk.
As tall and willowy as Helen Kirsch.
As girlish as Frank Paiker.
As talkative as Jeff Price.
As subtle as Janet Fay.
As modest as Eddie Devorees.
As sophisticated as Marion White.
As cute as Milton Nadel in a romper suit.
As improbable as Pauline Kaufman in a light dress.
As naive as George Hill.
As conservative as Lod Rossner's suits.
As alluring as Sam Robinson doing a bubble dance.
As fascinating as opaquing after doing two sets of corrections.

To The Girls.

At the coming Christmas Dinner
Watch me strut my stuff,
You other girls won't have a chance
The competition is too tough

I've been swamped with partners for dances,
By notes and over the 'phone
I've also promised to sit out a couple
And Jeff Price is taking me home.
Sadie Klein.